1143

VOL. I.—No. 26. MANCHESTER, Saturday, January 16, 1869. Price One Penny.

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SOUTHEY.

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Not now our spirits fill'd with gloom—
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In accordance with these plans, a New Building, of large dimensions, is to be erected in immediate contiguity with the present premises; and this will enable us to carry our intentions into full and satisfactory effect.

In acknowledging the confidence with which we have hitherto been favoured in so unlimited a degree, we would respectfully announce that, under the circumstances to which we have alluded, the regular Stock, irrespective of the vast purchases which have been made for the occasion in almost every market, will, in anticipation of the projected changes, be dealt with in regard to the scale of prices in a manner altogether and entirely exceptional.

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In corroborating the bona fide character of this statement, we would appeal to the fidelity with which our former announcements have been carried out; and we will only add that all who may be pleased to visit the establishment will find, for the reasons we have indicated, that the quotations are at once attractive, surprising and unparalleled.

Full List of Prices and particulars of the Sale, occupying nearly two columns, will be found in the *Examiner* of Saturday last.

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THE BRIDE.

AS the wedding day draws near the delicious novelty of being engaged may be supposed to have worn off, and Lottie has become quite hardened to the petting and the flattery of her lover and his family. She has borne, with brilliant hypocrisy, the good advice of her friends, and of her friends' friends, on the management of husbands' tempers and the treatment of children's maladies. It is true that her bosom friend has been very trying. She will persist in wearing mourning and flickering sentimental candles over their departed exclusive friendship, and she would become a dreadful nuisance to any but the gentle heart of the Bride, who feels her advantage. Here she stands at the threshold of her home, and looks back once more on the dear old life she is quitting. How softened its outline through the haze of regretful tears; how impossible that its routine of daily duties should ever have have seemed dull and monotonous. Already it has begun to win

> A glory from its being far,
> And orbed into the perfect star,
> She saw not when she moved therein.

She is almost jealous that services she has performed so willingly should fall to the share of another; that other hands than her's should cut the bread and butter for the little ones, and mend the family stockings, and make up the dear mother's best caps. From the quiet haven of satisfied love she traces back to its tiny beginnings the stream that brought her hither. A woman now, and in the assured possession of a woman's highest treasure, she can afford to look with contempt upon the innocent coquetries of sixteen. She is half ashamed when she recollects the little arts of pleasing that occupied her, before one great passion swept her heart pure of all vanity and petty selfishness. She smiles half in pity at the young girl who, four years ago, was thrown into a little tremor of excitement at the expectation of a new arrival in her father's quiet household. She remembers how

> Thinking this will please him best,
> She took a ribband or a rose,
> For he would see them on to-night.
> And, with the thought, the colour burned,
> And, having left the glass, she turned
> Once more to set a ringlet right.

And now the full tide of love has risen, and the passion for admiration has expired in the satisfaction of a deeper need. The day has come, and all her small troubles and worries vanish before the great reality which presents itself to her mind, the break which is taking place in her life, the wrench in her heart, the good bye to her home. The unusually subdued manner of the mother, and the unusual tenderness of the father, render the parting none the easier to bear. And now, added to these regrets (for the true woman's heart is made up of regrets), comes a greater than all. It is that her grief is not keener, that she can turn so easily from the past, that the daughter so willingly gives place to the wife. Her bridesmaids cluster around her, busy with the details of the all-important toilette. She hears them, as in a dream, discussing the merits of Honiton and Brussels. She is quite passive whilst they arrange the veil and shake out the folds of her sweeping robe. She almost trembles when she remembers all the duties, as housekeeper, mistress, mother, nurse, which are wrapt up, like the petals of an unopened bud, in the one word wife. And yet she is not appalled. She knows, without a touch of pride, that she can be a good wife, and the rest will surely follow. Hysterical feelings coming from a swelling heart (and a tight dress) render her almost unconscious of what takes place before the altar, and it is not before she has been led into the vestry, there with timid fingers to sign away her maidenhood, that she remembers that her bonnet strings are coming undone.

The breakfast ceremonial is felt to be a worldly interlude, which delays the realization of the new bliss. Does it ever occur to the guests at a wedding breakfast, as they work themselves up into a state of effervescent sympathy, how supremely dispensable their good wishes are felt to be by the bride and the bridegroom in their mutual enthusiasm of humanity? Does it ever occur to the fussy and important best man, as he embraces his opportunity to let off his premeditated jokes, how stale and melancholy they seem? And does not the clergyman feel that the Church is in danger as he makes his little patronizing speech, and talks about "the ladies" as if they were sleek, tame creatures in a menagerie, to be regaled with intellectual crumbs? Somehow joy is impatient of fun, as the sunlight shames the gaslight into a ghastly palor. But at last, thank heaven, it is over. The old shoe has been thrown after the carriage, the waving of hands and cambric has ceased, they turn the corner, the carriage blinds are pulled down, and who shall say what happens next? We forbear to conjecture.

> Not easily forgiven
> Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day.

But before the day has closed, a thousand little incidents will have occurred to prove—

> How light the touches are that kiss
> The music from the chords of life.

For instance, the bride travels for the first time in her life without her purse. Of what use is it to her now? She never inquires after the luggage. Can she not trust even her precious bonnet-box (that apple of the eye to lady travellers) to him who has taken the guardianship of her life? They enter the cosy railway carriage and behave in an elderly manner, to which the only objection is that it is overdone. They feel that the other passengers are looking at them, and they long for a tunnel and a kiss. Now that the dreadful oaths about everlasting love, &c., have been legalized, and the receipt for the license is in his breast-pocket, the young husband becomes aware that the most fruitful topic of conversation is abolished. Whenever they pass a picturesque clump of trees or a tolerably clean-looking cottage, he feels obliged to say something to the point. He feels that he is squandering his quotations in the most reckless manner, and that he will have none left for the beach and the hotel balcony and the moon at Dover. He begins to hate the moon. The young wife, on the other hand, becomes also conscious that the delicious confusion of pet names, and lips, and fingers, which summarizes their recent intercourse, is not exactly conversation, and they both feel that it is necessary to cling to the spirit without clinging to the substance of the engaged period. There is little doubt that women have more latent courage than men, but it takes them a long time to bring it to the surface and gather it into any practical quantity. Dentists say that women put off their engagements more often than men, but when they do come they display the larger resolution. And so, when they are first engaged, Lottie is all timidity and John is all confidence; but, by the time they are married, these positions are reversed, for

Lottie has been hoarding all her noble little resolutions, while John's courage has been secretly shaken by the club jokes, which he felt all the more because he smiled at them.

They arrive at the Lord Warden, where those wily old diplomatists, the waiters, receive them with the gravest welcome, and put their tongues into their cheeks and exchange sarcastic winks directly the young couple's backs are turned. The waiter who waits upon them at tea is not so Macchiavellian as the rest, and he would never have known but what they were experienced married people had not Lottie, in a fit of gravity and decorum, asked John if he took both sugar and milk. And when they go for a walk they feel that all the waiters, who were lounging about the corridor with expressions of weary indifference, have crowded to the door, and are delighting each other with appropriate reflections. But to every new hotel they bring new experience, and before the honeymoon is over they have escaped the annoyances incident to a state of innocence. They have grown wiser in various ways. Lottie has found out that John is not the wit she thought him; but then has he not revealed a beautiful earnestness for which she never gave him credit? She finds that his acquaintance with English Poetry is confined to the half-dozen quotations he treated her to all at once before he forgot them; but then she listens with the admiration of surprise to his flow of language on Maritime Law and the Turco-Greek question. And Lottie has exhibited a firmness and a dignity in the presence of other married women of which John never suspected her sweet-tempered receptiveness capable. During their engagement, in the multitude of caresses, it was neither possible or necessary to carry on a coherent conversation. John's jokes were felt to be good, but his kisses were absolutely witty. But, after marriage, a kiss is no longer a question and an answer all in one. First kisses fulfil the law of their own existence, but wedded kisses must have a *raison d'être*. It is a curious fact that conversation is more respectful after marriage than before it. The charm of it no longer lies in its interruptions. And thus they have to learn talking all over again, and it is not too much to say that in the happiest matches the man and woman bore each other less at the end of the honeymoon than at the beginning.

They return to their neat little home, which is furnished partly by the husband and partly by the liberality of friends. Wedding presents have a snobbish tendency to be costly out of proportion to the position of those on whom they are bestowed. So that, although they do not intend to exceed their modest pittance, it would take £800 a-year to live up to the salt-spoons alone.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT appears that the Royal Academicians have refused absolutely to increase the number of R.A.'s., and are understood to be just as much opposed to any addition to the list of associates. There are forty of the first and twenty-six of the second—six more only than there were when George the Third was king, although the general body of artists has increased enormously during the last fifty years. Sir Francis Grant's salary, as president, is to be doubled—raised, that is, from £300 to £600. It is rumoured that the new and enlarged galleries of the Academy at Burlington House will, in reality, prove of little or no advantage to those who have hitherto been denied access to the annual exhibition. The Hanging Committee have partially decided not to hang as high as heretofore, in which case there will be little, if any, increase of space above that of the old building, and outsiders will, consequently, fare as badly as they have done before. As the State has, or ought to have, certain controlling powers over the Academy, in return for the privileges granted to it, it is to be hoped Parliament will deal decisively with the spirit of monopoly and exclusiveness which is guiding its counsels to the detriment of the interests of art.

MODERN FREEBOOTING.—Kicking a man down stairs.

DEANSGATE SLUMS.

THE subject of Deansgate, which has long required opening out and ventilating, is at last getting both. It has even attained to notoriety, for it has been the occasion of the most brilliant exhibition of municipal humour which has ever illuminated the city. The Manchester Corporation is becoming so remarkable for its verbal as well as eatable and drinkable "good things" that, out of consideration for posterity, the publication of the Municipal Joe Miller ought to be no longer delayed. The editorship might be placed in the hands of the town-clerk, who would no doubt kindly allow the work to be entitled "Joe Heron's Jest Book," and a picture of the members of the council, in their robes would make an amusing frontispiece. We trust that a conspicuous position in this municipal manual will be devoted to informing the worthy burghers what beneficial results would ensue from a diligent perusal of Tacitus. We hope they will equally conspicuously be told in what manner they may best conduce to the weal and woe of the city of Manchester. But we both hope and trust that, as a climax of humour, the whole of the last page will be devoted to solicitous inquiry as to "who ever goes into Deansgate?" This is true humour. The ancients used to keep fools to amuse them; but their folly consisted for the most part, in vile, verbal, H. J. Byronic contortions. This is genuine folly, of the most intense sort. Since the foundation of the world several foolish remarks have been made; but we think that the distinction of making the most foolish may fairly be claimed by Mr. Alderman Lamb, of the Manchester Corporation. Far be it from us to inquire into Mr. Lamb's private circumstances; but, if he would not object to a princely addition to his income, let him call at number 14, Market Place. Funny men are scarce. We feel sure that we could pay him well, and yet make a profit by farming him out to the comic periodicals.

The necessity for the improvement of the thoroughfare in question—or, rather, the necessity for making it a thoroughfare—may best be shown by answering Mr. Lamb's query; and Mr. Lamb's query may best be answered by answering its converse. Who *never* goes into Deansgate? Well, evidently, Mr. Alderman Lamb for one; and we should think nobody else for two. Mr. Lamb really ought to go into Deansgate. To go into Deansgate is a duty which Mr. Lamb owes to society. Let him go any time he likes, and we are very much mistaken if, on his way back, he does not call on his tailor, and order him to make the next suit an inch or two less in every way; and on his hatter, to purchase a hat suitable for a smaller and a wiser man. Let him go on a Saturday night, and he will experience two difficulties—one in getting into Deansgate, and the other in getting out of Deansgate. However, Deansgate, in its normal condition, is the Deansgate with which improvement has to do; and with Deansgate in its normal condition improvement has a great deal to do. After making allowance for width, there is no street in Manchester that has so much traffic as Deansgate. It is the direct path of communication between the Victoria Station side of Manchester and the Old Trafford suburbs. It is one of the most frequented markets in the town. There are dear shops in it, to which ladies bring their carriages, and let them stand there; there are cheap shops in it, before which crowds of town and country folk stand looking at the prices marked upon the articles within. It is crammed with public houses, and, therefore, thronged with the most constant passengers. Before their doors stand knots of boozy idlers the whole day long. The 'busses running on one of the hardest worked routes about the town all pass along it. It is a street in which not only thousands walk, but hnndreds stand; and the footpath is so narrow that one-half of its passengers are driven into the road; and the road, as well as being the narrowest, is the longest in the town; so that there is absolutely no relief to traffic. We are content to rest the claims of Deansgate to improvement on the public-houses. Look here, Mr. Lamb. If the street

were not jammed with people, would there be a public-house in every dozen yards of it? If a street has a public-house in every dozen yards of it, is it not certain to be crammed by a beer-loving community? But what is the use of proving what every body's eyes can see? We have addressed our remarks to Mr. Alderman Lamb, in particular, because we cannot suppose that there are two persons so foolish as to ask "who ever goes into Deansgate?"

Important as the question who goes into Deansgate is absurd, is the question, "Who comes out of Deansgate?" Felons, answers the Recorder. "His experience," he said, upon a late occasion, "as to the state of that part of the city did not reflect much credit upon the authorities. Wood-street, Deansgate, produced more misdemeanours and felonies than any other part of Manchester." He thought "something ought to be done in the matter," and hoped "some public notice would be taken of it." It is difficult to understand what the unfortunate "authorities" are to do to deserve that credit which would certainly never be given to them; and it would have been more satisfactory if the Recorder had *said* "what ought to be done in the matter." If men will get drunk; and if men, when drunk, will fight—all "the authorities" can do is take them up; and that they have done this, the appearance of the culprits before Mr. Henry Wyndham West is proof sufficient. However, in compliance with the wishes of the Recorder, we take such public notice of the scandal as it is in our power to do. Wood-street and the neighbouring slums are certainly disgraces, but they are disgraces to humanity rather than to "the authorities." The careless passer-by may not have noticed them, but even in the daytime the corners where they run into the thoroughfare are marked by lounging ruffians, and women, often with black eyes, more vile in their appearance than the men. Out of the slaughter-houses in them comes the bleating of the bleeding calves, which that emissary of Captain Palin's who is standing at the corner, contemplating the reflection of his intellectual whiskers in his shining buttons, is no doubt preparing to release, and prosecute their torturers. Low beerhouses, with flaunting, hideous signs, are visible; and dirty-looking dens of divers kinds flank the vile street as far as you can see. In the present state of the law, we do not know what can be done to lessen the evils of such places as these. Doubtless, there are transacted in them many deeds of which the police might well take cognisance. Even the imperfect laws under which we live give the police much more power than they exercise. It is the tendency of all authority to become apathetic; and energy and vigilance might do much towards mitigation of the evils which are prevalent in these low places. Social improvement—the slowest process of nature—is the only thing that can abolish them; but drunkenness is the crying evil of the district, and, surely, it is one with which present law and authority can deal. Drunkenness is the cause of nine out of ten of the felonies and misdemeanours for which the neighbourhood has gained discreditable notoriety. The laws of nature are never apathetic; and they ordain that when brutes, in the form of men, get drunk, they get pugilistic. Man cannot help men's getting drunk, when they drink too much, but he can surely do something in the way of lessening their opportunities of obtaining the means of drunkenness. It may be difficult to prevent the establishment of beerhouses by those who pay for a license; but cannot anything be done to abolish some of the spirit-vaults that lift up their flaring Hydra-heads in these localities by scores? It cannot be pretended, even by licensing magistrates, that there is the slightest necessity for them. The thirst of mankind—and, in these parts, of womankind, also—is great; but it is not so great as to require all these sources of liquor. Demand creates supply; and supply creates demand. Especially is this true with regard to drink; and a lessening in the number of Deansgate vaults would be followed by a lessening in the number of Deansgate felonies and misdemeanours.

As for the side-slums of iniquity—if the improvement of the main thoroughfare would improve parts of them off the face of the ear h, that is an additional argument in its favour. This would be no case of disturbing the dwellings of the deserving poor. If Mr. Lamb thinks of that cry—and we are sure nobody else will—we should like him to visit the dwellings of his deserving poor about ten of the clock at night, and we should like a general meeting of the Council to be called for eleven, to hear Mr. Lamb's opinion of the deserving poor after acquaintance—that is, if Mr. Lamb emerged from his explorations in a fit condition for oratory. It is not much of an argument, either, that the evicted reprobates would settle down elsewhere. Of course they would; but a nest of iniquity is never any the worse for being upset; and if the evil-doers did not settle in a better place, at least they could not settle in a worse.

SALE CHURCH.

PROMINENT among the few noticeable features in the dead, drear features of Sale, is St. Anne's Church; less perhaps from anything especially remarkable or grand in the church itself, than from the common-place sameness of everything surrounding. Approaching from the station, the church stands on the right hand of Clarendon Road, some little distance removed from any of the neighbouring buildings. Its exterior presents a somewhat patched appearance. There are traces of its having been erected at different periods, and apparently by different builders, with different ideas of what a church ought to be. Sale and its neighbourhood have within the last ten or twelve years extended in a very wonderful manner, and Sale Church has grown with them. As the increasing number of inhabitants made alterations necessary, wings or ends have been added, as convenience suggested, till the original builder would have great difficulty in recognising his own structure. The same fact bears fruit in the interior appearance. All manner of oddly-shaped little pews, square or many sided, are scattered about or hidden away behind pillars, so judiciously arranged that it is quite impossible by any amount of screwing and contorting of the body to catch from them the slightest glimpse of the preacher's face. Economy of space has been carried so far that the reading desk and pulpit are closely hemmed in with pews, and at times the incumbent's face is about six inches from the top of the head of a fair-faced young gentleman who likes to lounge and make himself comfortable against the desk. The tasteful Christmas decorations which have recently occupied so much of the attention of church-going girls at Sale, gave an air of cheerfulness to the place. Two thoughts are suggested by these ornamentations. First, that it is quite possible for a church to be decorated without the assistance and encouragement of an unmarried curate. For not only has there been no special bait of that sort at Sale, but the young men of the place have behaved with characteristic shabbiness in the matter of lending helping hands. And secondly, it is not easy to see how the extremely moderate sum which was at first fixed by the incumbent as an amply liberal maximum of expense can have sufficed for its purpose.

In semi-rural districts like Sale, the pastor is always a peculiarly well known individual. This is perfectly true of the Rev. Jonathan J. Cort, M.A., the incumbent. By nature he is fitted for a man of mark, and, like every other public man is, of course, subject to much criticism that is not altogether favourable. It would, however, be wholly unjust to consider this disfavour as anything like universal. By one division of his parishoners—a very serious, solemn class—he is beloved, and by a very large number he is heartily respected. He is a thoroughly conscientious pastor, with an ever watchful eye to the moral welfare of his flock. He visits with never failing punctuality and regularity. The constantly recurring sight of his pony tied to garden gates or ambling along bearing its master—a little suggestive of a clerical John Gilpin—

ought to strike admiration into a sceptic's heart. We have, indeed, heard that his visits are not always conducive to cheerfulness. For Mr. Cort, like a certain Anglo-Norman king of whom history tells us, is never known to smile. A very charming young lady has gone so far as to wish to us that he would not come again, because "he does make me feel so uncomfortable." But such a state of feeling we always try to think of as exceptional. Nevertheless, as in every society, there is a strong body of grumblers, who are always dissatisfied, and always on the point of changing their place of worship. This dissatisfaction has generally numerous supporters among the young ladies of the congregation. Mr. Cort is never very popular among the lady teachers of the Sunday School. He is so excessively serious, and so very anxious that any necessary extravagances should be curtailed to the smallest possible amount, that festivities of any sort generally lead to a state of smouldering enmity and warfare. Great excitement was once caused by Mr. Cort's inviting a number of these ladies to his house for the evening. All manner of curious speculations as to the sort of entertainment which would be offered were rife. Some suggested that "old maid," or other exhilarating games at cards might be expected; others were wild enough to whisper of a dance. Much thought was given to the costume which would be proper for such an auspicious occasion. The eventful evening came, and the visitors went. Mr. Cort, his face alight with a physiognomical expression, which, in his case, does duty for a merry smile, greeted each guest with the expression of a hope that she had brought her Bible with her. Rumour (for not being a young lady the writer was not invited, and cannot therefore speak with any greater certainty), describes the rest of the evening's occupations as strongly partaking of the nature of the exercises gone through at a meeting of the ladies' Bible class.

But it is in the pulpit that Mr. Cort is seen to the greatest advantage, and there his idiosyncracies are most noticeable. Though he seems afflicted with a chronic unhappiness of a somewhat dyspeptic character, in the pulpit he appears most nearly happy. He goes through all the work of the service without any assistance, and, unquestionably, enjoys it very heartily. Preaching is to him a labour of love. Here, too, there are some who earnestly admire him, and detractors equally earnest. To the former his sermons are admirable expositions of sound Low Church doctrine—delightful doses of the Gospel, pure and simple. To them his ministrations appear faithful and honest. The language of his discourses is always plain and unvarnished. No carefully chosen words does he employ which in any way suggest, rather than openly declare, what he means. A spade is, with Mr. Cort, always a spade, and never weakens into an agricultual implement. He is fond of telling us that he will lay no flattering unction to our souls, and it is impossible to hear him without being fully assured that his statement is to be understood literally. Here it is that the harsh critics, who, as may be expected, are sufficiently numerous, find room for the exercise of their talents. To them the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Cort's preaching is its excessive and harsh gloom. They complain, also, of the wearisome length of some of his efforts—a length which is exaggerated by their harshness and hoplessness. Nothing could be further removed from cheerfulness than Mr. Cort's presence and style. Fearsomely and horribly dismal as his sermons seem to this class of hearers, they are calculated to frighten, rather than charm. The brightness, loveliness, and beauty of the Christian life are lightly touched; but the wailing and gnashing of teeth, the gloom and horror which await most of his hearers, are put on with a firm hand and a powerful imagination. In his sermons Heaven seems hopelessly far off, and its antipodes very near and awfully warm. Under his ministrations the most faithful Christian may begin to doubt himself, and the careless hearer must feel uncomfortable and miserable. But with this latter order Mr. Cort's earnestness defeats its own object for to them he makes church so uncomfortable that they refuse to come. Funeral sermons are supposed to be the reverend gentleman's especial *forte*. Whilst thus preaching, earthly felicity, so far as it is for him attainable, is his. Should it be necessary to "improve" the death of a notorious evil doer, Mr. Cort's opportunity has come. In picturing the results which will follow if we are not warned, his face is supposed to assume the nearest approach to a smile that is possible for him. But then, as he pathetically pleaded last Sunday, it is not altogether his fault if he has thus to speak in terms of bitterness and harshness.

Our notice of Sale Church would not be in any way complete without a glance at the congregation. As in other churches and chapels in rustic neighbourhoods, the congregation is larger and more aristocratic in the morning than in the evening. On entering the church a tremulous appeal to join heartily in the responses happily prepare us for what is coming. Preparation is certainly necessary. It would be difficult to imagine anything more deadening, and less suggestive of enjoyment and heartiness, than the slipshod carelessness of this part of the service. To judge from the want of earnestness, each applicant might be entreating help for his next door neighbour and enemy rather than for himself. Nor is the service more enjoyable when we come to the singing. The choir is composed of amateurs and is pitifully weak, inefficient, and unmusical. One voice—a lady's—makes itself very distinctly heard. If this voice were a a good or sweet one, the effect of its prominence might be improving and agreeable. Unfortunately it is very unmusical and out of tune, and produces a disagreeable discord. The feeble singing is, to the best of the organist's ability, atoned for by loud and instrumental music. The organ especially distinguishes itself when, on the absence of the regular organist, his duties are assumed by a gentleman who, on the strength of a certain exciting letter in the *Courier*, regards himself as an eminent literary character. One feature about Sale Church does not, we hope, obtain in all churches. Thence take their rise much of the gossip and small talk which delight the village during the week. Three places are thus distinguished, and for the apparent profanity of the comparison we are not responsible. First, there is the station, where, under the pleasant superintendence of the station master, gentlemen do talk. For the everyday recreation of the other sex there are two confectioners' shops. And on Sunday there is the church suitable for either sex. The interest which is taken in the attire of each worshipper, the company in which he comes or sits, and in his appearance generally, is beyond belief. The outward seemings of the place and people are calm and dignified; but within, to the music of Mr. Cort's thunderings, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness hold undisputed sway.

MR. TENNYSON AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

The Poet Laureate has sold the copyright of his works to the Messrs. Strahan. They are to pay him four thousand pounds a year for twenty years, and will publish any new work that he may produce during that time. Was ever poet so fortunate before?

CONUNDRUM.

DEDICATED TO MRS. LYNN LINTON, OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

Why have women so little mind?
Because they are so fond of giving people bits of it.

PRIZE-FIGHTING AT SEA.—Buffetting the waves and boxing the compass.

EXTREME UNCTION.—Living in the heart of *Greece*.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

I.

Little hands so fair and witching
Never could be made for stitching;
Little head on bosom sinking
Never could be meant for thinking;
Little voice so soft and cheery—
Talking sense would make it weary,—
It lifts itself on vocal wings,
And vacantly of love it sings.

II.

Eyes in languid fancies floating,
Or on little objects doting,
Impassioned words on cats bestowing,
All her little soul out-flowing;
Little sayings sweet as flowers,
And doomed to live as many hours;
Little pain and little pleasure,
All things meted in one measure.

III.

Talk to her of books, reviews,
Or Mr. Mill's peculiar views,
Two whole minutes grave she'll listen,
Though her eyes have ceased to glisten,
Then suddenly her face will bloom,
And, rushing right across the room,
She'll pounce upon her terrier "Jess,"
And squeeze it in a fond caress.

IV.

If, in all due human deference,
You venture to resent her preference,
Archly she will beg your pardon,
Say she's going in the garden;
Or, with irony ineffectual,
"Wishes SHE were intellectual!"
And then the dog she'll kiss and coax,
And hug it till it almost chokes.

V.

Yet she seems to have a glimmering—
A kind of intellectual simmering—
Of a working world outside her,
Not so pretty, but much wider,
Cold and dreary, blowing, raining,
Working on without complaining,
And on her sofa soft she sighs,
And velvet pity fills her eyes.

VI.

Ah! my pretty little creature,
Kind of heart and fair of feature,
If coaxing cats were conversation,
And dogs ranked higher in creation,
Then I'd call you more than pretty,
Swear that you were often witty,
But, till you prefer sense to snarling,
Forgive me if you're not my darling.

GROWLS FROM A PERFECT BEAR.

A thick head is not always incompatible with a thin skin.

He who is going most quickly to the devil may appear least affected with the journey.

More think of saving than who think of being saved.

Foolish friends stay to argue—wise friends say good night.

Dead men tell no tales, but their tombstones supply the *hiatus*.

Civility is only cheap when it does not entail hypocrisy.

Real politeness makes you forget you are out at elbows.

The most difficult part to forgive in an injury is your own share of the blame of it.

ON THE RIALTO.

SHORT TIME.

SOME learned physiologist, we forget who, has made the profound observation that the surest test of perfect health is not to be aware of possessing any organs whatsoever. The moment a man feels and knows practically that he has a liver, a heart, or a brain, the organ so making itself manifest is diseased. And whenever there is a State of Trade question absorbing men's minds on the Rialto, we may be assured that commerce is unsound. The year 1869 has got upon its feet, and tottered a few weeks towards 1870, and men's faces are as gloomy and their minds as perplexed as when the *Sphinx* first sounded its note of alarm. Despite the spread of Short Time by the wise decision of, or by the step of disaster upon, isolated firms up and down, and despite the influential gatherings together of the spinning and weaving potentates here and elsewhere, talking loudly about what they are going to do, cotton has risen, yarn has risen, cloth has tried to rise; the business is as ruinous as ever, and bewildered manufacturers are asking eagerly of one another what chance there is of an united effort of the trade for self-preservation. Snigbruck cannot understand the infatuation of Burnley; and Mr. Mumps, running his full 56 hours per week, denounces every spinner in Oldham, who is not standing, as a past-particle idiot. To all intents and purposes the trade is where it was. They gather together in Manchester; they hold meetings in Snigbruck; Bury calls its mill-owners together, and even Warrington forgets its staple—cheese—to pass resolutions on the Cotton Crisis. But the practical result is virtually *nil*. So many provisos are inserted, so many loopholes left for men to sneak out through if they chance to get orders that mean ruin in six months instead of three weeks, that to all appearance the trade, as a whole, is nowhere nearer organised Short Time than it was a month ago. We are not aware that there is a single cotton-producing village, even, the majority of whose factories are working Short Time by agreement. The trade have resumed the tactics of their boyhood, and one-half of it has drawn up in battle array on behalf of Short Time, and has held its fingers out defying the other half to "spit over" them; and when that mystic ceremony does not come off (as it never used to come off in our school days), they look big, and go away and talk loud as to what they would have done. Meanwhile, one sees daily reports of strong markets in Liverpool, and of advancing cotton, and of yarn being difficult to sell, and of cloth almost unsaleable; and to take Indian Shirtings as a sample of the state of trade, the position is this: Shirtings will nett home from the East about 13½d. to 14d. per pound; 32's twist, out of which they are woven, is worth about the same price, and the woven article very little more. Or, to put it in another form, cotton in its raw state is worth about as much per pound as calico should be to give a fair prospect for a remunerative trade to the dealer in woven fabrics. And our shrewd, hard-headed Lancashire folk go on assiduously presenting the world with what it will not touch at the money. To the trade this is certain death; and to the outside observer it is pure exasperation. We stand aside, as a person behind a bad whist player, and seeing him make ruthless havoc of a fine hand, feel his fingers itch to snatch the cards from him and play them for him, and as such an one cannot for his life resist muttering between his teeth, "Why on earth does not he lead trumps?" so the *Sphinx*, for the third time, asks once more, "Why don't you go on Short Time?" Why not act instead of talking? Why gather together twenty per cent of the trade of a locality and then pass a resolution to work Short Time when fifty per cent will do so, when you know perfectly well that while you are coaxing on the necessary thirty per cent, some of your own twenty buy cotton or take orders, and melt away from

you? Why not, in all such cases, pass the resolution at once, "That we, being here assembled, hereby pledge ourselves to commence four days a week next Monday?"

Why does not the trade go on to Short Time? There are many and various reasons for this infatuated reluctance. In every locality there are a few individuals, of more or less weight, who never will co-operate with their neighbours. They have a stupid, dogged, John Bullish kind of feeling that they will do as they like. They are not going to be dictated to by such a fellow as so-and-so, who is, perhaps, the manufacturing wind-bag of the locality. If the trade intends to wait till it has got these men's aid, it may wait till Doomsday. It should ignore them. Then there is another small section—political economical doctrinaires — one or two of whom have fired off little dismal protests in the daily papers. These scrupulous members of a trade in despair have found out that organised Short Time partakes of the nature of a conspiracy; that united action is illegitimate, and that the only course compatible with Adam Smith and the Dismal Science is, for every firm to do what seems best for itself. True. But Adam Smith's cardinal position, his very stand-point, is the assumption that no man will, knowingly, make anything at a loss, and that supply and demand adjust themselves by a natural law, owing to the suppliers deferring the supply when unremunerative demand tells them that it is excessive. If every producer had only produced what he could sell at cost price, there would have been no state of trade to discuss, and the *Sphinx* might have continued

Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes.

Precisely in the same way, were every man, woman, and child in England a perfect Christian, we might dispense with our police force. But, when from a multiplicity of most unnatural causes, a trade has got into such a diseased state that it will persist in producing, at ruinous loss, commodities which are not wanted, to say that no equally abnormal remedies are to be used, is, to quote an hexameter lately applied to Disraeli—

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,

which our contributor, Mr. Councillor Semiterry translates—

Scrubbin th' bottom hoff a pehewter pot for th' sake of brightness.

Then, again, the enormous increase of the cotton trade, its vast spread over a large area, and its tendency to develop special branches in particular localities, all combine to prevent its taking any action as an immense totality. Such an action we look upon as hopeless; and we do not think Manchester can do more than act as a kind of missionary centre and focus, stimulating the adoption of Short Time by independant action in the separate localities. But if no town or district will go on to Short Time till every other district does so, nothing will ever be done. What necessary connection is there between India shirtings and fustians? Why, if the spinners of from 100's to 300's for the lace markets, to whom the price of cotton is as nothing to the value of the labour put upon it, find it to their advantage to spin on, should an Oldhamer, in the cost of whose yarn cotton is everything and labour little, refuse to stop? Shortly after the movement was set on foot it was generally said that Bolton would not join, and Snigbruck rolled its eyes in despair, and ordered in consolatory "glasses round," and seemed to consider that closed all chance of its success. Bolton has a trade of its own, uses a particular and peculiar cotton, and has hardly more connection with the trade of Snigbruck, as a rival producer, than it has with Coventry. Almost every important town is the centre of a branch of the cotton trade, more or less peculiar to itself. Those centres should act without any reference to any other localities who may or may not be in analogous circumstances. But at present it seems as if they would not. Snigbruck looks to Bolton, Bury to Bacup, Oldham to Rochdale; the fifty per cent system is carried out into communities, and town dares town, and village village, to make a start.

Beyond this, in many most important centres, politics play a most damaging part. The favourite idea of returning local men acts most prejudicially on the interests of the place. Viewed apart from commerce, we have always looked upon the hackneyed cry for "local" men as a piece of absurdity. What can a local man do that any other Englishman could not? In nineteen cases out of twenty, sending a local man to parliament means returning a rich, vulgar, stupid bore, who makes the constituency contemptible in the eyes of the very door-keeper of the House, and makes one seat the fewer for a man of brains and education. But in reference to the particular topic under discussion, the action of this craving for local men is deadly. Factories are worked, wages paid, concerns extended, with no reference to the state of trade, but as a permanent system of bribery. Instead of unblushingly buying a seat with £5000, *à la* Totnes, the local magnate appeals to the most sweet voices, by running his mill when he ought to close it. All such communities as are cursed by the possession of such an M.P. have in their midst at least one, and generally the most influential mill-owner, who cannot and will not help his fellow manufacturers in times like these.

But in the purely manufacturing districts, and those most directly interested in the Eastern Trade, the chief impediment to Short Time is the essentially unsound condition of the manufacturers themselves. They are like the cab horse in *Pickwick*: they must sleep in the shafts: take them out, and they tumble down to rise no more. During the last twenty years a most unhealthy system has prevailed, and the effects are now being felt most disastrously. It is no exaggeration to state, roundly, that one half of the people owning sheds never had any right to have ever become master manufacturers. They never possessed either capital or intelligence. They are so many spoiled tacklers. They never possessed any capital, and many are now working upon the difference between ten shillings and twenty in the pound. These innumerable little rotten concerns have been fostered by all parties. A landowner has a clayey field, bringing him in seven and sixpence per annum, as pasturage for an old donkey and a few hens. He builds a shed and lets it at a price which, besides paying him a fair interest on his outlay, makes the field return him fifty pounds a year. He knows the place will be filled with machinery, so that he has always security for his rent. An overlooker or tackler has saved a few hundred pounds, or borrows it in small sums from his relatives, and with this sum in hand, he finds a loom maker, anxious to keep his shop at work, who quickly fills his shed. He then proceeds to buy yarn at six week's credit which, owing to the competition amongst spinners and yarn agents, he finds no difficulty in accomplishing. Long before it is due he has woven it into cloth, which is sent to a cloth agent, who advances its full value so that, in a month, our overlooker finds himself in possession of a thousand pounds or two, a portion of which he hands over to the loom maker, and in a few months he has paid for his machinery out of his yarn credits, and has placed himself in this position: that if he stops at any time he owes a full month's supply of yarn and his assets are his looms, now depreciated by one-half. These men cannot work Short Time, except by an united action, which will place all their fellow manufacturers in a similar position, on the same footing, and compel the yarn seller to wait till times mend.

Another reason, is the scarcity of hands. In hardly any locality are there enough workpeople to fill all the machinery of the place. A, B, and C say, if we run Short Time, E, F, and G will get all our best hands, and when we want them we shall not get them back.

All these considerations show two things: 1st. The difficulty

of working Short Time; and 2nd., the impossibility of carrying it out, except by united action. And they show, moreover, that the strong must help the weak. Those who can defy all consequences, should, for the sake of their district, for the general good of the trade, from patriotic consideration, for the salvation of a weighty national interest, take the initiative boldly and at once. Only by general action can the difficulty as to hands be got over; only by universal Short Time can honest, skilful men, who are trading on their credit, face the position of having to seek the accommodation they require; only by enforced Short Time can the hopelessly involved be made to bring matters to the inevitable crisis. By all sellers of yarn, the working of full time should be taken as a sign of weakness: the working of Short Time as a sign of solvency and strength.

But above and around all this, the trade are not appealed to on the proper grounds. They are appealed to merely to prevent a rise; they ought to be taught to work Short Time till they have secured a heavy fall. The cure for the present crisis is not a spasm, but persistent perseverance over (perhaps) a year. Until it is universally admitted that unless India shirtings can be exported at a shilling a pound maximum, manufacturing cannot be reliably sound, there is no hope. If, because cotton is knocked down a penny, and a few foolish merchants like to lose their money by buying for an odd week, the manufacturers choose to resume full time, there is no hope. They should look upon such little spurts as sheer jack o' lanterns, and this resolve ought to be nailed to the mast:—

"*Short Time, immediate and effective. Short Time till India Shirtings can be bought at a shilling a pound.*"

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE.

I.

The assertion, that if an actor can pass the crucial test of a Manchester audience, his success in London is assured, has been so often and persistently made that it has almost become an axiom to be accepted without cavil. That a Manchester audience is, or was, a critical one we are not disposed to doubt. As a general rule, it is more so than a London one, except on great occasions of interest, when most of the literary and artistic magnates of the metropolis are present, and their verdict may be considered unexceptionable. Mrs. Siddons was wont to say that an Edinburgh audience was the most discriminating, but also the most trying and fatiguing, before which she was in the habit of performing; discriminating, because her most powerful passages thrilled her audience into absolute silence and stayed them from applauding; and fatiguing, because the absence of applause deprived her of the relief and temporary respite which are almost necessary to an actor or actress who is going through an arduous part.

Playgoers of thirty years back are often heard to say that the Manchester theatre has not kept pace with the other improvements of the town. To some extent this is true, as of late years there has been a tendency to make good acting subservient to scenic effect. Playgoers of a still more remote time, aver that the Manchester stage has never been what it was since it possessed such stock actors as Charles Young, John Vandenhoff, Warde, Dick Hoskins, J. Brown, Brough, and others. One is disposed to wonder how, in those days, Manchester could support two theatres, considering what the population was then, and that there were no railways to convey passengers after the performance to the neighbouring towns, which have of late years become such strong supporters of the theatres. Perhaps the facilities for locomotion have operated in more ways than one, by removing many constant supporters, for instance, families who used to live either in the heart of the town or in the immediate suburbs, and who were in the habit of dining early, and attending the theatre in the evening. However that may be, the theatre half a century ago was well supported, possessed excellent actors, and paid its way with a higher class of performance than is now presented with the greatest hopes of pecuniary success. That the Manchester theatres at the present day regard the pantomimes, which are got up at great expense, as their principal source of profit, and one of the chief attractions of which are supposed to be what Mr. Shirley Brooks calls the Costumes of Paradise worn by the actresses, is assuredly no compliment to a Manchester audience. In this respect, however, Manchester is only following the London lead. Down to the present day its stage has always served more or less as a round in the ladder wherewith to reach the metropolitan boards, and we propose to revert to some of the Manchester actors and actresses who have achieved success in London.

The actors who have been connected with the London stage for thirty years, a period of time within our own experience, and who formerly were attached to the Manchester theatres, are now few in number. Those who have been longest connected with the London theatres are Mr. Barratt, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Stuart, Mr. S. Emery, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, of the Haymarket, formerly Miss Chaplin, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon, of the Adelphi, formerly Miss Woolgar. Many others had left Manchester for London previously, and many have left since, but those whom we have named are almost the only ones now in London who survive, and whom we recollect so far back as the time we have mentioned. Of these Miss Woolgar was the latest accession to the London boards, as she left Manchester in 1843. At the time to which we refer, some thirty years since, the Manchester and Liverpool theatres were under the lesseeship of Mr. Clarke, who had generally a winter season in Manchester, and during the remainder of the year brought up his company from Liverpool on Saturday nights. On those occasions such London stars shone as Macready, Charles Kean, Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian; Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the vocalists; Vandenhoff, the Keeleys, Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Kean), Farren, Buckstone, John Reeve, and a host of others. As was the case then, and until within the last few years, the company included a leading tragedian and tragedienne, efficient actors of old men, low comedians, light comedians, and a few good male and female singers. The leading actors and actresses at that time were Miss Faucit, elder sister to Miss Helen Faucit; Mrs. Clarke, Miss Grant, Messrs. Stuart, Baker, H. Holl, Lynne, G. Horncastle, and others, all of whom found their way to the London boards with the exception of Mrs. Clarke, who retired into private life. Stuart was a great favourite and an effective actor, with a tendency to rant. He frequently played the principal male characters to the heroines performed by Miss Ellen Tree, then at the zenith of her fame, and second parts to Macready, Kean, and Vandenhoff. He was a man of poetic temperament, and could write agreeable verses. After playing in Manchester and Liverpool for some years, he was engaged by Mr. Benjamin Webster for the Haymarket, where he remained many years, making his *début* as Macduff to Macready's Macbeth, but became best known as the representative of such serious parts in the Haymarket comedies as Joseph Surface, Falkland, the Poor Gentleman, and others, which in later years have become identified with Mr. Howe. Our readers may judge of the efficiency with which these comedies were then performed when we say that the principal characters were enacted by Farren (the elder), Strickland, Charles Matthews, Keeley, Webster, Buckstone, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Glover, and others, and for Manchester actors to be invited to join such a company was an honour indeed. After remaining many years at the Haymarket, increase of years compelled Mr. Stuart to abandon his previous impersonations, and he migrated to the Adelphi, where he is at present performing in the drama of *Monte Cristo*.

Mr. Basil Baker, the principal comedian in Manchester at the time we write of, was an actor of superior excellence. He went from Manchester to Dublin, and afterwards played for several seasons at the Lyceum in London, under the management of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews. Baker scarcely made such a hit in London as might have been anticipated from his provincial reputation, and at the close of Mr. Matthew's lesseeship he returned to Liverpool, where he had family connections, and remained there until he died, a few years since. He was a first-class comedian, and played a very wide range of characters, being equally at home in Sir Anthony Absolute and Bob Acres, or Old Dornton and Tony Lumpkin. Mr. J. L. Toole reminds us very much of Baker, although the latter had even more than Toole's viscomica, but the comparison we consider complimentary to both comedians. Baker was a great favourite with both the Keans,—father and son,—and also with almost all the London actors. Of the other now well-known actors who left for London about this time, one was Mr. S. Emery, who, however, as the son of *the* Emery, so well-known to the last generation, may almost be considered a London actor from his birth. The present Mr. Emery, who formerly frequently played at the Queen's Theatre as a provincial star, is one of the most finished actors in London, excelling in strong character parts, and is one of the few performers who can truthfully play a Lancashire part—witness his Robin Wildbriar in Falconer's play of *Extremes*.

On one of the Saturdays above alluded to at this period, when Mr. Charles Kean was performing Hamlet, the tragedy was nearly being brought to a conclusion in a very tragical manner. Several of the most prominent performers, Baker, Holl, and others, were taken suddenly ill, and were unable to proceed. It was found that they had been accidentally poisoned from having partaken of barley broth containing arsenic. Fortunately, no lives were lost, and by substituting other performers, the play was got through. Mr. H. Holl, who was a dashing light comedian, with a handsome person, was engaged by Mr. Webster, and for several seasons performed the parts recently taken by Mr. W. Farren.

It was at this time that Miss Julia Bennett was added to the Manchester company. This young lady showed much promise, and, being possessed of the greatest personal attractions, became vastly popular both in Manchester and Liverpool. She played only for one season here, and was snapped up by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket. Miss Bennett had so many qualifications for the higher walks of comedy that it was thought she would become the legitimate successor of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Nisbett. Even in serious parts she showed much proficiency, and on one occasion, when Macready performed Claude Melnotte in Manchester, that eminent actor complimented her for the support which she had given him as Pauline. Although Miss Bennett played leading parts for several years, her ultimate success scarcely bore out her early promise, but her great personal loveliness made her a very popular favourite. So attractive was her beauty that it completely fascinated an Irish peer, who most indiscreetly introduced her into the gallery of the House of Lords at the opening or prorogation of Parliament; and it was stated in the public prints of the time that she was recognised by Her Majesty, who had seen her at the theatre a few nights previously. The consequence was, that the nobleman received an intimation that his attendance would not be required at Court for some time; but that no great blame was attached to Miss Bennett for the occurrence is evident, as she shortly afterwards took part in a performance at Windsor Castle, under the management of Mr. Kean.

In 1841, Mr. Clarke gave up the management of the Manchester and Liverpool theatres, and Mr. J. H. Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," and Mr. W. J. Hammond, the comedian, became the lessees. This led to important changes, one of which was the introduction of Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke as principal actor at the Theatre Royal, in Fountain-street. Of him and other favourites we shall have an opportunity of speaking on other occasions.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

O cruel little daisies!
Whose golden hearts are hard,
'Tis—how long?—since I last knew
These meadows by you starr'd.

Since, eager for the springtide,
I did not for it long,
Because, the wide world over,
It bore love, light, and song,

But,—in my child's experience,—
Because it would restore
The daisies 'twixt the brook and
The broad-leaved sycamore.

Yon hills were the world's limit,
—To me it seemed all men
Went in and out that farmhouse;—
'Tis sixty years since then!

And I have lived my life since.
My wanderings now are done
That stretched those childish paths to
Each gateway of the sun,

I've thought love but brief passion,
And riches only pelf,
And on the world's ice-surface
Have somewhat slipp'd myself.

Have learned a little satire,
And other lessons yet,
That, sometimes, friends remember,
And seldom foes forget.

That youth's full spring of blossom
Becomes few faded flowers,
Disclosed when life's book opens
Its leaves in memory's hours.

That life has later gardens
Than spring, and sweeter bloom,
And that it—hence my sadness—
For these, too, hath a tomb.

My wife is dead, my children
Grow strange about the world,
—But spring's bright flag of blossom
Still gaily is unfurl'd.

And lonely home returning,
For brief rest ere the end,
I see my flower of childhood,
That is no more my friend.

Ye dim not, unkind daisies,
Your purple, white, and gold,
But grow where we together
So careless were of old.

And heedless that I share not
Your gladness, as of yore,
Ye smile between the brook, and
The broad-leaved sycamore.

BEST TIME TO GET A MOUTHFUL OF FRESH AIR.—When the wind is in one's teeth.

THE WIT'S LAST EFFORT AT AN EVENING PARTY.—Taking himself off.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT SALE AT THE GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL

Takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the twenty years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to inform them that his

GREAT SALE BEGAN ON TUESDAY, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DAILY,

COMMENCING AT TEN A.M.

The present premises having become too small for a fast and largely increasing trade, T. P. intends to make extensive alterations in February, to facilitate which he intends placing his beautiful Stock, which for magnitude stands unapproachable, at such prices that will be remarkable. Every article will have its original mark (which is always in plain figures) as well as the reduced price, which will be in red ink, which it is hoped will facilitate sales.

T. P. having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6½d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 4½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 6½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, needle work, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

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Plain, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
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Needle Scollop, 1s. 10½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

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Plain, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
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Mull Muslin, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
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With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s
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With Frill, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured Ditto. 5s. 11d , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d , to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Elder Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

		s. d.
Several Hundred French Manufacture		0 4½
Ditto	ditto	0 6½
Ditto	London	0 8½
Ditto	London, with needlework..	0 9½
Ditto		1 0
Ditto		1 3
Ditto		1 6 to 2 0
Ditto, Glasgow		2 6 to 12 0
Ditto, Alexandra		10½

Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 25s.
Ditto Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
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White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
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White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers..5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d
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Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
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These are from the most celebrated Makers.

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Infant Shirts, 3½d., 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s , 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
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Flannel Barrows, 1s. 9d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
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Night Caps, 4d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
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CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s , 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 9[illegible], to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CAS[illegible]MERE, silk velvet and felt. 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d , 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
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90 Dozen White Brussells and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 5½d., 6½d., 7d., to 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
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Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., to 8s. 6d., to 18s.
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Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
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Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

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20 dozen Shirts, size 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
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Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

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Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
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CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅝ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	6½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 10d.
15 Pieces	ditto, various, to	3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	7½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		7s. 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	7½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

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Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
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Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½ d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ..... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all now this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen		11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen		1s. 2½d. ,,
50 Dozen		1s. 4½d. ,,
50 Dozen		1s. 6½d. ,,
50 Dozen		1s. 9d. ,,
50 Dozen		2s. ,,
And so on to		9s. ,,

Ready hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem stitched .....4½d. to 5s each.
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2 000

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

HAWTHORNE'S NOTE-BOOKS.

THE passages collected and published from the Note-books of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne are of two kinds,—the one consisting of description or narrative, the other of literary memoranda, schemes of work, motives for stories, and the like. The latter are interesting to the critic and literary analyst; but the chief charm of the volume is comprised in the author's simple records of daily life and daily observation in the neighbourhood of his native town of Salem, or at the old manse in Concord where he passed the first few months of his married life. There is something very fascinating in these glimpses of the seclusion and rural health, the primitive content and inartificial refinement which a certain set of American literary men have realized for themselves in our generation among the woods and orchards of New England. Mr. Hawthorne and his bride, in the year 1842, lived the life of our first parents, depending for subsistence on the produce of their own garden or of the neighbouring river, and with this advantage over our first parents, that their solitude was from time to time broken by a visit from Emerson, from Margaret Fuller, or other sympathetic friends. What happened to them in the winter months we are not told. These diaries only cover the months between late spring and early autumn; but the author may well have found his lot an enviable one while he worked among the summer luxuriance of his garden, gathering his early beans or watching the ripening of his squashes, on friendly terms with all manner of birds and beasts, and having no enemy save the squashbugs. With these, indeed, and their ravages among his crops, he seems to have had much annoyance. Generally, however, he occupies himself with the pleasant side of things, and can find, as the following extract will show, a poetical aspect even in pigs:—

"I have been looking at our four swine, not of the last lot, but those in process of fattening. They lie among the clean rye-straw in the sty, nestling close together; for they seem to be beasts sensitive to the cold, and this is a clear, bright, crystal morning, with a cool north-west wind. So there lie these four black swine, as deep among the straw as they can burrow, the very symbols of slothful ease and sensuous comfort. They are quick to notice any one's approach, and utter a low grunt thereupon—not drawing a breath for that particular purpose, but grunting with their ordinary breath—at the same time turning an observant though dull and sluggish eye upon the visitor. They seem to be involved and buried in their own corporeal substance, and to look dimly forth upon the outer world. . . . Anon, they fall asleep, drawing short and heavy breaths, which heave their huge sides up and down; but at the slightest noise they sluggishly unclose their eyes, and give another gentle grunt. They also grunt among themselves, without any external cause, but merely to express their swinish sympathy. I suppose it is the knowledge that those four grunters are doomed to die within two or three weeks that gives them a sort of awfulness in my conception. It makes me contrast their present gross substance of fleshy life with the nothingness speedily to come. Meantime, the four newly bought pigs are running about the cowyard, lean, active, shrewd, investigating everything, as their nature is. When I throw an apple among them they scramble with one another for the prize, and the successful one scampers away to eat it at leisure. They thrust their snouts into the mud and pick a grain of corn out of the rubbish. Nothing within their sphere do they leave unexamined, grunting all the time with infinite variety of expression. Their language is the most copious of that of any quadruped, and, indeed, there is something deeply and indefinably interesting in the swinish race."

Here is a favourable specimen of the author's capacity for describing and interesting himself in the minute circumstances of external nature:

"Pleasant to pass along this extensive walk, watching the surf-wave; how sometimes it seems to make a feint of breaking, but dies away ineffectually, merely kissing the strand; then, after many such abortive efforts, it gathers itself, and forms a high wall, and rolls onward, heightening and heightening, without foam at the summit of the green line, and at last throws itself fiercely on the beach, with a loud roar, the spray flying above. As you walk along, you are preceded by a flock of twenty or thirty beach birds, which are seeking, I suppose, for food on the margin of the surf, yet seem to be merely sporting, chasing the sea as it retires, and running up before the impending wave. Sometimes they let it bear them off their feet and float lightly on its breaking summit; sometimes they flutter and seem to rest on the feathery spray. They are little birds with grey backs and snow-white breasts; their images may be seen in the wet sand almost or full as distinctly as the reality. Their legs are long. As you draw near they take a flight of a score of yards or more, and then recommence their dalliance with the surf-wave. You may behold their multitudinous little tracks all along your way. Before you reach the end of the beach, you become quite attached to these little sea-birds, and take much interest in their occupations. After passing in one direction, it is pleasant then to retrace your footsteps. Your tracks being all traceable, you may recall the whole mood and occupation of your mind during your first passage. Here you turned somewhat aside to pick up a shell that you saw nearer the water's edge. Here you examined a long seaweed, and trailed its length after you for a considerable distance. Here the effect of the wide sea struck you suddenly. Here you fronted the ocean, looking at a sail, distant in the sunny blue. Here you looked at some plant in the bank. Here some vagary of mind seems to have bewildered you; for your tracks go round and round, and interchange each other without visible reason. Here you picked up pebbles and shipped them upon the water. Here you wrote names and drew faces with a razor seashell in the sand."

MODERN TASTE.—A Miss Nelly Power has been promoted from the music halls expressly, it would appear, to introduce to the notice of the audience of Covent Garden her repertory of popular songs. The young lady is good-looking, vivacious, and sings very fairly. It may be added that she is so slightly clad as to be almost naked, but, at the same time, she is, apparently, not at all ashamed. That nudity is "the only wear" is now a governing principle with the theatrical costumier, for so, however absurdly, he must be still called; while playgoers seem not to be behindhand in approving the proposition that beauty is adorned the most when attired in silk tights, and little else.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ANDREW MARVEL'S COTTAGE, one of the oldest houses in Highgate, London, has been pulled down and removed.

A SCOTCHMAN ON HIS NATIVE SOIL.—I think it was Lord Dundreary who observed that "the love of country is the root of all evil." It is an affection which is peculiarly characteristic of a Scotsman; and, at a public dinner held last week in Glasgow, one of the speakers stated that a certain Caledonian now living in Canada annually celebrated New Year's-day by spreading on the floor a Scotch newspaper, on which he emptied a bucket of earth, brought with him from his native land; he then placed on this a stool made of Scotch fir, and, sitting thereon, drank a bumper of mountain dew to the welfare of his native land. This patriotic gentleman even surpassed "poor Caledonia's mountaineer" among the Indian hills of Wyoming, who, according to Campbell, was not forgetful of the Highland use of a barley sheaf:

> And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
> That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee;

and he certainly emulated those old Grecian colonists who took with them to their new settlement a handful of the sacred oil of the land of their birth.

ABOUT ACTORS.—Kean took tea for breakfast, and preferred a rump-steak to any other dinner. Macready used to eat the lean of mutton chops only when he acted, and at one time adopted almost exclusively vegetable diet. Braham sustained his energies with bottled porter; Mrs. Wood and Madame Malibran sang upon good draught stout; Incledon patronised Madeira; Wrench and Harley acted through a long night's performance without any refreshment; the elder Oxberry took large quantities of tea; Henderson, gum-arabic and sherry; Kean, Emery, and John Reeve, cold brandy-and-water; Lewis, oysters and mulled wine, and "Gentleman" Smith, coffee, during their performances. Most pantomime actors take barley-water, some with the addition of rum, others of sherry. Mrs. Jordan dissolved calf's-foot-jelly in warm sherry. The famous "Nan" Catley used to take linseed tea and sherry after. G. F. Cooke sometimes took all kinds of liquors, and others abstained altogether during the evening. John Kemble took opium as a sedative during one part of his career, and many heroines excited their lachrymal propensities with ether.—*Era Almanac.*

TALL WRITING.—A Rochester paper, describing a recent fire in that city, employs this fine figure of rhetoric:—"About this time the rear wall of the back building fell with a crash, and the Fire-fiend danced with malignant joy in and about the rear portions of the stores and offices nearest the burned building."—*New York Sun.*

Ben Jonson says:—Were a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife, he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place, Manchester.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

THE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
99 & 101, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS.
First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
Exclusively for Gentlemen after 7 p.m.

The Original Wholesale Manufacturer of FRENCH and NEAPOLITAINE ICES, supplied to the principal Hotels, Confectioners, and Restaurants in Manchester.

N.B.—Public and Private Picnic Parties, Soirees, Balls, &c., supplied at a few hours' notice.

J. CAVARGNA, PROPRIETOR.

THOMAS'S CHOP AND SANDWICH ROOMS, ST. ANN'S PASSAGE,
ENTRANCE FROM
KING STREET, CROSS STREET,
AND ST. ANN'S SQUARE.
THOMAS STUDD, PROPRIETOR.

THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH,
CHOP AND STEAK HOUSE,
35, CANNON STREET.

STEWART'S TELEGRAPH DINING HALL, Halfmoon-street. Soups in variety: best in the city: from ten till four.

H. R. FORREST, Antiquarian.—
Old Books, Prints, Curiosities, &c.,
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
A large Collection of Shaksperian Illustrations, &c., &c., on Sale.
17A, CARLTON BUILDINGS, COOPER STREET.

JOHN GILLIES,
Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,
AND
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHER,
DINING ROOM, DRAWING ROOM, AND BED ROOM FURNITURE IN GREAT VARIETY,
1 & 5, OXFORD STREET,
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Ten per cent. cheaper than any other house in the city.

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ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,
Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

WILLIAM MATHER,
14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

LYONS' INKS.
Prize Medal, Paris, 1867; Hon. Mention, London, 1862.
LYONS' Blue-black Writing and Copying Inks. LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black Inks. Also Extra Strong Copying Inks, to give Six Copies. Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel Street, Manchester.

SALFORD CARRIAGE WORKS,
GORE STREET, NEW BAILEY.
Carriages and Light Traps Repaired and Painted in first-class style and finish. Estimates given for new work or jobbing.

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AUCTIONEERS,
ACCOUNTANTS, VALUERS, ESTATE AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENTS,
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AND CENTRAL BUILDINGS, DEWSBURY.

CONCERNYNGE
"Ye MANCHESTER PYPE."

Communicated by the Ghost of Sir Walter Raleigh.

A sceptredde Kynge, who wore ye British crowne,
When bells and cap righte better hadde him suitedde,
Tryed hard to put man's sweetest solace doune—
Among some other notions wylde he mootedde,
As wychcrafte deeminge ague and rheumatick,
And treatinge them untoe ye cure aquatick,
Which failynge—as yt sometymes didde somehowe—
He'd supplemente with faggotte, fire, and towe.
Weak gizzardoddle! 'tis easie toe construe
Why 'gainst my baccy thy aversionne grewe;
Toe be in fashionne thou ysmokinge tryed,
Which ynaide out yturnedde thy ynaide.—
Oh! had'st thou knowne offe LAMB'S, RENOWNED PYPES,
Thou had'at notte felt gymnasticks in thy trypes,
But puffedde in peace and growne a wiser Kynge,
To wytcherafte uppe and—everie other thynge.—
Syth, as it is, thye "Counter-blast" ing witte,
Ye moderne notions will in no wise fytte;
Soe fare ye weel, old regal cookolorum,
Jacobus Primus, Rex Brittaniorum!

LAMB'S PATENT PIPES,
The coolest, sweetest, and most economical Pipe ever invented.—Prices from 1s. each.
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JOHN FORSYTH, Printers' Broker and Printing Material Manufacturer. Roller Casting
FENNEL STREET, MANCHESTER.

BILLIARDS.—REGENT HOTEL, REGENT ROAD, SALFORD.—Billiards, Pool, and Pyramids; Two Tables.—Refreshments of the best quality. Chops, Steaks, &c.

CLAYTON'S CREAMADORO is the only reliable preparation for restoring grey hair to its original colour and effectually curing baldness. In addition to numerous testimonials from medical men in all parts of the kingdom, Dr. Muspratt, of the College of Chemistry, has kindly forwarded the following:—"I have carefully analised Clayton's Creamadoro for restoring the human hair. Its stimulating and cleansing properties are excellent.
SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., F.R.S., &c."

Agents:—London, Butler and Crisp; Edinburgh, Liverpool, York, Raimes and Co.; Manchester, Woolley, Market-street, and John Heywood, Deansgate, and all respectable chemists and stationers, and may be had from the Laboratory, 63, Rosamond-street, East, Manchester, in cases, on receipt of 3s. in stamps.

ELEGANT NEW LACE VALENTINES
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VALENTINE SACHETS,
EXQUISITELY PERFUMED, MANUFACTURED BY
ROBERT TAYLOR, 54 & 56, DEANSGATE.
Chromo Prints, Embossed and Cut Out Flowers, Figures, &c., for Scrap Books and Screens.
EVERY NOVELTY IN ALBUMS, SCRAP BOOKS, ETC.

SALES BY AUCTION.

PRELIMINARY.
To Wine and Spirit Merchants, Publicans, Private Consumers, and others.

T. M. FISHER, SONS, & SMITH, will SELL BY AUCTION, early in February (at a time and place to be named hereafter), about 150 Dozen of First-class Champagne, 100 Cases of Brandy, and a quantity of Claret in Wood and Bottle.—Full particulars next week.
16, Tib Lane, Manchester.

At No. 95, Bridge-street, Manchester.—Sale of valuable Household Furniture and Effects, comprising a Very Handsome Dining-room Suite, mahogany, upholstered in hair, consisting of Two Massive Telescope Dining Tables, with three loose leaves, each one with Fairclough's patent screw; Handsome Table Cover; Six Mahogany Hair-seated Chairs; Handsome Mahogany Chiffonnier, with cupboard and drawer; Two Mahogany Card Tables, on carved claw supports; Mahogany Couch upholstered in horse hair; Elegant Fender with Polished Steel Fire-irons; Superior Brussels Carpet and Wool Rug, Large and Handsome Moderator Lamp, Coal Vase, Very Superior and Valuable Eight-day Timepiece, Chimney Ornaments, Superior Suite of Damask Window Curtains and Handsome Fringe, Sunblind and Roller. A superior and Elegant Drawing-room Suite, consisting of Rosewood Couch, with damask cover; Six Rosewood Chairs, damask seats; One Easy ditto, Two Very Handsome Rosewood Card Tables, One Lady's Small Ornamental Work Table, Splendid Cottage Piano, 6¾ octaves, with patent check action, rosewood case, in perfect order, by Broadwood; A Fine-Toned ditto, 6¾ octaves, in rosewood, by Oetzmann; Six Valuable Water-colour Drawings, framed; Handsome Case of Stuffed Birds, under glass shade; Chimney Ornaments, Lace Curtains and Fringe, Sunblind and Roller, Superior Brussels Carpet and Handsome Rug, Fender and Polished Fire-irons, Sunblind and Roller, Handsome Table Cover, Superior and Elegant Breakfast-room Furniture, Mahogany Sofa, in damask cover; Lady's and Gent.'s Easy Chairs, Coal Vase, Elegant Fire Screen, Carpet, Fender, Polished Fire-irons, Very Handsome Three-light Gasalier and Globes, Large Handsome Oak Hat-stand for the hall, with dark marble slab and drawers; Capital Single Barrelled Gun, by Shaw; Pair of Very Handsome Buffalo Horns, very rare specimen; Four excellent Wool Mats, Seven First-class Engravings, framed, scriptural subjects; Several Yards of Superior Oilcloth, Brussels Stair Carpeting, wide, with heavy brass stair rods; Brussels Carpet on landing; Four Wool Mats. The Furniture of five Bedrooms and Dressing-room, of a very costly character; very Massive and Handsome Four-post Bedstead, with heavy hangings; Large and Commodious Wardrobe, with trays and lined compartments; a Smaller ditto, Very Handsome Mahogany Dressing Table and Washstands, with marble tops; Large Swing Toilet Glasses, Carpets, Mahogany and Damask Chairs, Feather Beds, Bed Linen, Hangings, &c. of the very best quality; Iron Bedsteads and Cane-seated Chairs, Complete Toilet Services, and a Large Shower Bath; together with all the usual Kitchen Furniture and Utensils, and a Large Quantity of Table and Household Linen. A Strong Oak Plate-chest, bound with iron, and secured with two locks, fitted inside with trays and divisions, and lined throughout with green baize; an Excellent Tool-chest, containing various tools; Powerful Wringing and Mangling Machine, by Somerscales; Washing Tubs, Peggy, and Maidens; 80 Feet of Vulcanised Hose for garden; Syringe, Strong Garden Shears, and many other miscellaneous articles.

D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, on Friday and Saturday, January 22 and 23, 1869, commencing each day at 11 o'clock prompt, at No. 95, Bridge-street, Manchester, to which place it has been removed for convenience of sale, the whole of the Valuable Household Furniture, partially described above.—Further particulars may be obtained on application to John Kerr, Esq., accountant, 28, Faulkner-street; or to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
CURE YOURSELF BY THE PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CURATIVE AND ELECTRIC BELT.

Sufferers from Nervous Ailments, Painful Dreams, Indigestion, Debility, Weakness, &c., can now cure themselves by the only "guaranteed remedy" in Europe, protected by Her Majesty's great seal. Free for one stamp, by H. JAMES, Esq. (Medical Electrician to the London Hospitals), Percy House, Bedford Square, London.
N.B.—Medicines and fees superseded. References to the leading physicians of the day. CAUTION.—To guard against counterfeits, I have appointed no licenses.

THE TURKISH BATH, Broughton-lane, has been completely renovated. Is now RE-OPENED under the personal superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Potter.

THE "MANCHESTER" LUNCHEON BAR (WINES FROM THE WOOD) 30, MARBLE STREET, 3rd DOOR FROM MOSLEY ST.
Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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MANCHESTER AND SALFORD DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the Society will take place on Monday, the 18th instant, in the Mayor's Parlour, at Twelve o'clock prompt.

The Right Hon. Lord STANLEY, M.P., will preside, and deliver an address.

Many influential gentlemen have promised to attend. The presence of Subscribers and of the public is requested.

ALFRED ASPLAND, } Hon. Secs.
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PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER. Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.

TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening, at Seven,
THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY SUCCESSFUL
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
GOODY TWO SHOES,
AND HER QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING;
OR,
HARLEQUIN KING COUNTERFEIT AND THE WORLD OF COINS.

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GOODY TWO SHOES.—Immense Reception of the COLD WATER SCENE, by William Calcott.

"The most elaborate and magnificent 'set' ever seen on any stage."—*Vide* the Press.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

BOY BLUE, the PANTOMIME of the WORLD. Nightly, at Seven.

A perfect ovation greets Mr. WESTON Nightly. The Transformation and Ballet never equalled. Witness Boy Blue's Great Little Army. At seven, Dame Nursery's Comic Alphabet and Apple Pie; half-past, the Fairy Cell; at eight, Grand Ballet of Lovely Nymphs, à la Watteau; quarter past eight, The Exciting Procession to the World of Toys; half-past, Grand Drill of Boy Blue's Army, and Siege of Jack's Castle; at nine, the Unequalled Transformation—Dolphin at his Tricks; half-past, Oriel's Feats; at ten, The Bickerstaff Valentine, and kind good night to all.—Children, 1s. only to circle.—By Order,
J. P. WESTON, Manager.

QUEEN'S LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE THIS DAY AT TWO.
POOR OLD LADIES TREAT.

POMONA PALACE.

OPEN EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.
Band at Six, Saturdays at Five.
Admission 6d.—No extra charge to the Palace.
The Palace can now be engaged for large parties, balls, meetings, &c.

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WHAITE'S, BRIDGE STREET.

SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE.

WHAITE'S, BRIDGE STREET.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—Paris and Havre Exhibition Gold Medals CAUTION.—None genuine without Baron Liebig, the Inventor's signature being on every jar, accompanied by full printed directions. About 70 pints of excellent Beef-tea for 11s., the present reduced retail price per pound. Finest, most convenient, and by far the cheapest meat-flavouring ingredient for soups, made dishes, and sauces. Sold by all Italian Warehousemen, Chemists, Grocers, Ship Chandlers and Provision Dealers.

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IMPORTER OF
HAVANNAH CIGARS.

Turkish Tobacco from 8s. per lb.
Turkish Cigarettes „ 3s. per 100.
Havannah Cigars „ 21s. „ „
British Cigars „ 9s. „ „

G. W. strongly recommends the El Sevillano Couchas, weighing 1¼ lb., at 18s per 100. Sample dozen sent by post for 2s. 6d.

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STRONG USEFUL TEA, 2/2 per lb.
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CHOICE MIXTURES OF TEAS,
2/8 per lb. 3/- per lb. 3/4 per lb.
ALL NEW SEASONS.

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Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
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Annual Income	£350,000
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Next Door to the FREE TRADE HALL,
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Proprietor - - - - B. ASHCROFT, from London.

SOUPS from 9 a.m., 4d.
DINNERS from 12, including Meat, Bread and Vegetables, 7d.
Cup of TEA or COFFEE, with Bread and Butter, 5d.
Cup of TEA or COFFEE, with plate of Meat, 8d.
SMOKE ROOM.
ALL THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY.
Writing Tables, Parcel Office, and Special Messengers for Post Office or other Deliveries.
Best LAVATORY and other conveniences in the City.

SUCCESSFULLY RE-OPENED,
NO. 6, ST. MARY'S-GATE,
(Late Nowell's.)
BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 5 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 3 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
PRICES:
Sandwiches, from 1d. to 4d.
Sausage and Mashed Potatoes (from 10 till 12) and Glass of Beer, 6d.
Pastry, 3d.
Soups, 6d.
Fish, 9d. and 1s.
Joints, 9d. and 1s.
Celery and Cheese, 3d.
Salad and Cheese, 3d.
Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
Small ditto, 9d.

D. ALONZO MORRIS AND BROWN, AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,

13, SOUTH KING STREET,
MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Derbyshire Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, Jan. 16, 1869.

DINE AT NUMBER (6) SIX, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER. Mc. TEAR & Co., Manufacturers of ASPHALTE ROOFING FELT, DRY HAIR, and other Felts, 55, Faulkner street.